

"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne.

OFFICER 666

A Fast Moving New York Story
By Barton W. Currie
Based on the Successful
Farce of the Same Title

(Copyright, 1912, by N. K. Fy Co.)
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Travers Gladwin, a young man of fortune, is in love with Helen, a girl of fortune. He is a member of the 'Society' and is known as 'Officer 666'. He is a member of the 'Society' and is known as 'Officer 666'. He is a member of the 'Society' and is known as 'Officer 666'.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.**Handcuffs and Love.**

HELEN BURTON could not have found a corner place to faint in that ultra-luxurious den of Travers Gladwin. Every chair and divan in the place invited one to swoon within its folds.

The young man had ordered his decorator to provide him with a chamber wherein stiffness and formality would be impossible unless one stood erect. The decorator had spent money with a lavish hand upon Spanish leather and silk, and he had laid down the softest of swan's down. Once you sank upon them, you could not help a sensation of utter peace and relaxation.

That final and irrevocable blessing of her ideal was a shock upon many shocks that the young girl had experienced within the course of a few hours and that she reached the den on her feet was due more to Helen's strength and agility than to any nervous or physical force within her slender body.

The little Jap had fairly tumbled up the stairs with her in such fashion that she had no distinct recollection of her feet touching any stable surface. When he turned around the corner while she seemed to dream behind him like a suffering patient, and next she had herself sink into a soft downy couch, and she seemed to drop peacefully through a dreamy space.

It was a great crimson chair embroidered with yellow poppies into a pattern of a myriad of tiny lamps suspended from the ceiling by slim chains of different lengths or gleaming from dark niches and embrasures in the heavy woodwork.

As these subdued and colored lights related to produce a wonderfully soft and peaceful effect, and when at last Helen opened her eyes a few minutes later, she was sure that the setting was a dream and half expected some impossible creature of phantasmagoria to rise from the floor and whisper to her.

Then she felt an intermittent draught upon her cheek and looked up to see Whitney Barnes fanning her with an elaborate contrivance of ivory and metal. She was in the arms of Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey.

She was not sure at first that the strange looking man in the room was such an amazing fashion as the young friend of the real Travers Gladwin who had appeared on the scene from time to time during that fearful afternoon, for his face and features were from being in repose. Positive torture was written on his clean-cut boyish face as he watched that fast fan in his hand, and he seemed to have some evil intent imposed upon him by some evil spirit.

Certainly there was no trace in the suave features of his face as his eyes twinkled and he smiled at her. He was not a man to be taken in by a task, especially now and then living over his shoulder at Bateson to learn why in heaven's name he did not smile at her or whether or brandy or something with which to restore the young lady to consciousness.

And on his part, Bateson was racing about like a scared mouse, diving into mysterious chests and cabinets or under doors or climbing up the walls to explore places to which one chamber, for a big implacable policeman stood at the entrance, with orders to keep his eye on the young woman and the man who was with her, and to see that they did not escape or attempt to steal the vanished picture expert in his own right.

As Helen's dazed faculties gradually returned to their normal condition, she realized that Whitney Barnes was a reality the humor of the situation suddenly struck her fancy and she smiled. She was smiling with eyes and she was smiling with her mouth.

Then this is an extraordinary kind of a thing, she thought, and I've never fanned the fan before.

"Everybody's Doing It!"

By Carmichael



out of you, when you'd never given the idea of marriage a thought? Simply loved me over. At first I refused point blank, but when I saw how cut up the poor old dad was about it I shook his hand and said: 'Pater, don't-I'll go right out and find a wife. And I did.' 'What, you did?' 'Yes, I did.' 'You went right out and got married?' 'No, no, no, my dear cousin, I simply found a wife.' 'And have you asked her?' 'Not sure yet. I haven't time to talk about eyes now,' she said soberly. 'You must assist me in telling these policemen how I brought this terrible embarrassment upon myself.' 'Nothing of the sort,' retorted Barnes. 'He wouldn't hear of it. He'd cut off both his arms before he'd allow your name to be dragged into such a sensation. And I'd admit, mind, he willingly, with these bracelets on them.' 'But that detective said he had a warrant for Mr. Gladwin for eloping with me,' cried Helen, blushing scarlet. 'And you know—'

CHAPTER XXXIX.**Kearney Meets His Match.**

HERE was no turning Whitney Kearney away from his friend's appeal. His appeals for admission were rising to a plaintive pitch when his friend opened the door and yanked him in.

'Have you seen him?' demanded Barnes, looking about wildly.

'No,' Gladwin returned. 'I think he escaped.'

'Oh, I don't mean the robber Johnny,' complained Barnes, shaking out his handcuffed wrists. 'I mean the damned idiot who looked these things on me.'

'He's searching the house,' said Gladwin, smiling at his friend's tragic earnestness.

Detective Kearney came into the room alert as a race horse.

'We've been through the house from cellar to roof,' he spat out while his eyes searched every corner of the room.

'I say—look here,' said Barnes. 'Can you unlock me?'

'No,' Kearney would not even look at him.

'Found it, somebody ought to unlock me,' exclaimed the frantic Barnes. 'This is the most annoying position I was ever in in my life. My valet even couldn't undress me with these things on.'

'What's out that way?' asked Kearney, pointing to the panel door that opened upon the stairs hallway.

'Kitchen,' said Gladwin, going to the door and opening it.

'Oh, yes,' said Kearney, 'the captain's back there.'

'But look here, detective,' cried Barnes again, 'who was that inordinate man who looked me up?'

'You'll find them in the Book of Genesis,' said Kearney, frowning.

smile as it formed on his lips.

'Where is he?' 'On the roof.'

'What the deuce is he doing on the roof?' 'Searching it.'

'Well,' stormed Barnes. 'I'll go up there and if he don't unlock me I'll push him off.'

He dashed out of the room and up the stairs.

'Funny thing where that man got to,' Mr. Gladwin, mused.

'You, those chaps are clever, aren't they?' returned the young man with affected unconcern.

'I don't think he's gone very far,' rejoined Kearney, his voice bristling with suspicion. 'He couldn't have got away without the men outside seeing him. We've got the block surrounded now. He's here in this house, Mr. Gladwin—I guess you know that.'

'I don't know anything of the kind,' Gladwin denied, with a trifle too much emphasis. A policeman appeared in the doorway and Kearney called to him.

'Ryan, I thought you were on the roof.'

'Sergeant Burke sent me down,' responded Ryan. 'We've got the roof covered both ways.'

(To Be Continued.)

'Auto-Irrigation.

LUTHER BURKHEAD, the plant wizard, dismissed with a nod, at a spring luncheon in Los Angeles, a somewhat overbearing condition.

'Really,' he said, 'I hardly deserve such a compliment as that. Even if I could do what the comic actor seemed to do, I hardly deserve such a compliment as that.'

'A comic actor, you know, was talking about spring irrigation that was under way in his suburban home.'

'I guess,' he said, 'he meant some of the "flood" idea, being that the comic actor seemed to have a plan to irrigate his home with his own flood.'

'Well, Jack and I are to be married later.'

'But, said the other girl, I thought you had thrown Jack over.'

'Oh, no, I didn't. The first wedding, but you know how a girl thinks.'—Washington Star.

'Getting Flood News.

A DISTRICT news manager, waiting details of the flood which had caused great havoc on a part of the line, telegraphed to the station master at one of the stations where no flooding had taken place at all.

'Send full particulars of the flood.'

The station master, taking the inquiry as a joke, wired back:

'We will find them in the Book of Genesis.'

The Conquests Of Constance

By Alma Woodward

(SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT THE HOTEL RICH.)

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'SEE that bunch of calves over there?' asked Constance. 'Last year's patterns, every one of them; an' they came from Indiana somewhere. You'd think they'd be the kind, if they had their choice of drowning-balls, to choose lemonade or root beer, wouldn't you? Well, nothing doing!'

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A Journey in Other Worlds

A Story of Four Explorers' Startling Adventures Among the Planets.

By Col. John Jacob Astor
(Published by Authority of the Trustees of the Astor Estate.)

(Copyright, 1904, by D. Appleton Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
In the year 2000 A. D. four Americans—Constance, Ayrault, Bearwarden and Deputacion—were sent to explore the planets in ships, the Callisto, the Calisto, the Calisto, the Calisto. They were sent to explore the planets in ships, the Callisto, the Calisto, the Calisto, the Calisto. They were sent to explore the planets in ships, the Callisto, the Calisto, the Calisto, the Calisto.

CHAPTER XII.
Changing Landscapes.

ON reaching the Callisto, Ayrault worked the lock he had placed on the lower door, which, to avoid carrying a key, was opened by a combination. The car's interior was exactly as they had left it, and they were glad to be in it again.

'Now,' Bearwarden, 'we can have a sound and undisturbed sleep, which is what I want more than anything else. No prowlers can trouble us here, and we shall not need the protection of our guns.'

They then opened a window in each side for the large glass plates, admitting the sun when closed, made the Callisto rather warm and placed a stout wire netting within them to keep out birds and bats, and then, though it was but a little past noon, got into their comfortable beds and slept nine hours at a stretch.

Their strong metal house was securely fastened during the night, and shedding the rain and dew as it might have done on earth. No winds or storms, lightning or floods, could disturb them while the multifarious monster of antiquity and mythology rested in life, with which the terrestrial had been thrown into such close contact, roamed about its polished walls. Not a sound could affect them, and they would but see and hear the world in a vain anguish.

The domed symmetrical cylinder stood there as a monument to human ingenuity and skill, and they were glad to be in it again.

'Man is really lord of creation,' said Constance.

The following day at about noon they awoke and had a bath in the warm water. They drained their glasses of the great antiseptic and disinfectant, while the bodies of its victims were already shining skeletons, and raised a small cairn of stones in memory of the struggle they had had there.

'We should name this place Kentucky,' said Bearwarden, 'for it is indeed a dark and bloody ground, and, as the antiseptic of the antiseptic, they entered it as on their own soil, and they would but see and hear the world in a vain anguish.'

This is the last meal we shall take here, said Constance, as they filled their knives and forks beneath the trees, 'so here is a toast to our adventures, and to all the same we have secured a part of its water, which they found on examination contained a far larger percentage of salt and solid matter than the means on earth, while a thermometer that they immediately immersed in it soon registered eighty degrees Fahrenheit; both of which conditions confirmed them in what they already knew, namely, that Jupiter was of course necessitated by the power of gravity and the latter by the greater distance from the sun.

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Notwithstanding the striking similarity of these creatures to their terrestrial counterparts they appeared to be of the lower order of animals. The teeth are very insignificant, the power of the jaws trifling, and altogether it seems wonderful how the creature could have procured food. Armed with its own weapons, and in this machine, as of course, superior to the most powerful monster, but it is not likely that it would have been able to do so during the whole of its evolution, he could have reached his present place.

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At which they had hoped to study the forms of life and to make this test, and kept on due north for several days, on which they passed, thereby saving the work, the batteries engaged in supporting the Callisto, they were soon sweeping along at seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour.

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